Chantilly, November 10th, 1796.

We lodged at Boulogne with Mrs. Knowles, who was two years in prison and has lost her fat, but not her tongue, nor her hatred of those she lives amongst. There is little to be earned and many disconsolate poor. The few persons we have spoken with have little hopes of peace. Many deserters are lurking about the woods, and there are continual robberies and murders. We have not travelled half an hour in the dark, as you may see by the slowness of our journey.

There is no great danger of any feats being done in the invasion way, as they cannot get their men to go on board. There are gun-boats at Boulogne for the defence of the coast, but, as there is no pay, the officers do nothing and the men desert.

I am surprised that Mrs. Knowles, with her abuse of the French and her rash talk, has kept her head on her shoulders. She begged relief for Mr. Cannon, who is in prison with his four children and very ill off for everything.

This country is sadly depopulated since the Revolution. Ambleteux alone has lost

three hundred men fit to bear arms. At Amiens the masons appeared to be pulling down some churches, but the cathedral is not at all injured.